



# CATHOLIC INTRERRACIALIST

Formerly HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS



Vol. 8 No. 7

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New York, N.Y. 10 Cents

## We Live In A Negro Neighborhood

By Robert A. Dunlap

**W**E LIVE in a Negro neighborhood and find life eminently satisfactory. My wife, our infant son and I are the only white people on this three-block-long street in the north-south border city of St. Louis, Missouri.

The reader will probably assume that our residence here is attributable to the current housing shortage. If so, he will be wrong. I came to live on the street, then predominately white, in 1920 when I entered the home of my grandparents following the death of my own parents. My grandfather built his home, the third dwelling on the street, about 61 years ago.

When I married, my wife and I decided to move into a brick cottage, owned by my aunt, next door to the older house in order to be accessible to my surviving invalid grandmother and my aunt. Although my grandmother has since died and my aunt has moved away, we are still in the same cottage. Perhaps the slightly illogical satisfaction of sitting in the shade of trees planted by one's grandfather is partly responsible for our being here.

**N**EIGHBORHOODS, like people, have their life cycles but unlike people are sometimes reborn. Our street was settled by people who

built their own homes for the most part, and their pride of ownership was reflected in well-kept buildings and grounds. From time to time, however, the original owners, as their fortunes improved, would move away to what they considered more desirable locations, and renters began to appear in increasing numbers on the street. The result of this absentee landlordism plus the encroachment of commercial establishments in the surrounding area was a gradual deterioration in the appearance of the street as homes were painted less frequently and minor repairs were neglected.

This trend was hastened somewhat by the approach of Negroes spreading out during the 1920's from a large colored neighborhood lying immediately south and east of us, but the two or three families that managed to establish a beachhead on the south end of the street were held at bay there for almost 15 years.

As the steady immigration of Negroes into St. Louis from the deep south intensified the already desperate need of homes for these people, a few more families found their way onto the street. This was the signal for a hurried campaign by the remaining white owners to obtain signatures on a

restrictive covenant. When the covenant failed to stand up in a court test the whites became panic-stricken and the great exodus began.

**I**N MOST CASES homes were sold to real estate speculators who made what repairs were necessary and then turned them over at a nice profit to eager colored buyers. Speculative builders bought up lots that had remained vacant and weed-covered for years and erected small brick cottages on them that were literally snapped up by persons who had never before known the thrill of moving into a brand-new home of their own.

The situation has resulted in a rebirth of the neighborhood. The new owners were imbued with the same pride of ownership displayed by the original settlers and today, in my opinion, the street looks better than it has at any time in the past 25 years I have known it.

The new dwellers have not been content with the merely expedient repairs made by the real estate dealers but have gone ahead with further improvements such as automatic heat, insulation, landscaping and garages. In some cases the properties were so old the improvements were

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## Tom Merton—As I Remember Him

By Mary Jerdo Keating

**I**MET TOM MERTON when I was a staff worker at Friendship House in Harlem. The meeting occurred in the late summer of, I believe, 1942.

I do not know precisely how it was that Merton came to Friendship House. He may have heard the Baroness lecture or he may have come because his very good friend Bob Lax was a staff worker there.

Anyhow, my first memory of Tom was standing with him at the Baroness's desk and I think that he impressed me for two reasons, neither of which gave any indication

that he would some day be very famous.

I remember that he arrived carrying a huge bouquet of very exquisite flowers. Most of the visitors to Harlem came bearing far less aesthetic offerings. People most generally brought us tinned tomatoes or cheese cake and a carton of old clothing.

When I expressed delight at the gift Merton said quite simply that since we lived in such morbid surroundings he felt that we should have something beautiful to look at... at least once in a while.

My second surprise came when Merton and the Baron-

ess started conversing in French. I suppose that shouldn't seem so amazing but Tom at first glance did not look at all like a linguist or a particularly intellectual young man. (I was very young at the time and thought that the intellect had certain outward physical manifestations such as a high forehead or a face that was tinged with brooding and melancholia.)

Merton seemed to have no special physical attributes, except perhaps for his eyes. He was slimly built and of medium height. His hair was blonde and combed straight back. His cheek bones, however, were very prominent and they made his eyes seem dark and somber. This gave him a rather odd appearance because the rest of his features were small and quite ordinary.

Tom and I had many long conversations. He told me about his life in France, something of his family, his studies at Columbia University and particularly of his research into Huxley's writings which evidently had a great deal to do with his investigation of Catholicism.

**T**HAT summer Merton was very much under the influence of Leon Bloy and he insisted that I read his works.

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### Christmas

By James Guinan

Wearied through countless, ageless spans  
Of groping blind down darkened trails  
Where faintly lamplight promises fans,  
First radiance gives, then shortly fails  
Leaving naught of choice, but to retreat  
And seek some other dimmed street,  
A puzzled, ever hapless sleuth  
Pursueth man the core of truth.

Untutored in this hunt, this test,  
How to search and where to see  
One Light which shines all brilliantly  
Unheeded is and so does fade.  
How few there are who gain the quest  
On bended knee before a Babe.



### Thoughts at Christmas

By Leon King

**A**ND THERE WERE in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the night watches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them and the brightness of God shone round about them and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people for this day is born to you a Saviour, "Who is Christ the Lord in the City of David."

And the shepherds found the Christ who had come to open the doors of eternity to all men lying in a manger, wrapped in swaddling clothes. The infant they found lying in the obscurity of a manger was He Who rules over all creation.

The hour had come. This was the night of the great revolution. The revolution which was destined to overthrow all the traditional tyrants who had enslaved mankind for centuries — wealth, power, greed, violence, — and to establish in their place a reign of charity and peace to all men of good-will. The Author of this revolution was the infant the shepherds found in the stable and the chief protagonists were twelve men chosen from among the people. This Infant and his twelve disciples shook the world.

The aim of this revolution was not so much to accomplish

a perfect temporal social order, but rather to establish the reign of charity and the love of truth in the hearts of all men. This was the first revolution in the history of mankind. It was the only true revolution ever experienced by the human race and indeed the most universal. For it was not restricted to any group of the human race nor any particular phase of human activity. It was intended to affect all humanity and everything in humanity.

**N**UNC dimittis servum tuum, Domine  
"Because mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples:  
A light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of thy people Israel."

When Joseph, a humble Jewish workman, and his young wife Mary took their newly born son to the Temple, old Simeon, a wise and just man, who had been promised by the Holy Spirit that he would not die before having seen the expected Saviour, knew that the son of this humble couple was the Christ for whom he had waited so long. Now that the Messiah had come, Simeon could die in peace. The promise had been fulfilled. After blessing the Holy Family, he prophesied concerning the child.

"Behold this child is set for

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## CATHOLIC INTERRACIALIST

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No. 7

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## Manifesto of Friendship House

By Catherine de Hueck Doherty

## WE BELIEVE:

in the sublime doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ—for He is the Mystical Vine and we are the branches. He is the Head and we the members.

## WE BELIEVE:

that the fruit of the Incarnation and the Redemption is the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God.

## WE BELIEVE:

that in order to save our immortal souls, we must love God and our neighbors as ourselves.

## WE BELIEVE:

that Faith without Works is dead.

## WE BELIEVE:

that we ARE our brother's keeper and have a PERSONAL responsibility, therefore, before God, for the welfare of that brother in Christ and this embraces all men, irrespective of Race, Nationality or Color . . . for Christ died for ALL mankind.

## WE BELIEVE:

that all men are born equal before God.

## WE BELIEVE:

in the Natural and Supernatural dignity of men, as Children of God, created in His likeness and possessing inalienable rights to life, to work, to marriage, to a decent upbringing of their children, and to the pursuit of happiness.

## WE BELIEVE:

that a modicum of material necessities is essential to the practice of virtue.

## WE BELIEVE:

that the unit of society is the family whose rights precede those of the state.

## WE BELIEVE:

that a lasting social order and peace will be achieved ONLY by a Christian Social Order based on Christian Social Justice, which includes Interracial Justice. Because of these beliefs

**FRIENDSHIP HOUSE** is dedicated to actions growing from them, as well as to the integration of those beliefs into the REALITY OF THEIR LIVING. And into that of as many Catholics as they can reach

Amen.

Reprinted from Dec. Issue, 1943.

## Third Birthday of Integrity

INTEGRITY magazine started its third year of publication with its October issue devoted entirely to the subject of politics. This issue reminds both Catholic politicians and voters that they cannot accept with docility the secular principle that "religion and politics don't mix."

Providentially, the Church celebrates the Feast of Christ the King as the political campaign comes to an end as if to remind Catholics that denying Christ His royal prerogatives

only opens wider the door to confusion in the political and social order.

An article on Henry Wallace by the former editor of *The North Carolina Catholic* has this to say about the Progressive Party candidate: "In a society where confusion is more and more the natural state it is not surprising that the confused should seek for their leader a man who has achieved the ultimate in confusion." If this is true it would

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## THE CHALLENGE TO AMERICANS

By HERMAN CREARY

QUESTIONS that arise in your mind while reading this must be answered by you, and the answers must be forthcoming not only in words but in deeds as well. And this poses no difficulty if you are one of us, American.

We live in momentous times we know, but do we individually realize that we have to face a fact of real finality? Our very existence as a free nation under God is at stake. Yes, we hear so often that our Democracy is imperiled. But this is only too true! It is no exaggeration to say there is a real threat to everything for which we stand in the arch foe that is Communism. It aims at crushing every vestige of our heritage, for Providence has entrusted to this country the preservation of democracy itself. And what does that mean other than that our whole Christian culture stands under the atheistic shadow of the Kremlin sickle and hammer?

One need not enlarge upon

tion, they virtually and viruously use our own weapons against us. On one front they have caught too many of us napping.

They don't hesitate to enlist for their fighting cause every citizen whom they can convert to it. And the indifferent with their complacent attitudes are almost as much direct support to them. Even their opponents are useful at times, for against them they masquerade as martyrs when that is expedient. So when they find any man—White or Negro, Protestant, Jew, or Catholic—who is not alive to the danger, they either convert, that is pervert, or divert him from the true allegiance of a citizen. By posing as champions of the downtrodden they gain many a victory. Sometimes they attempt to obscure their objective in the eyes of their adversaries, to be equally triumphant.

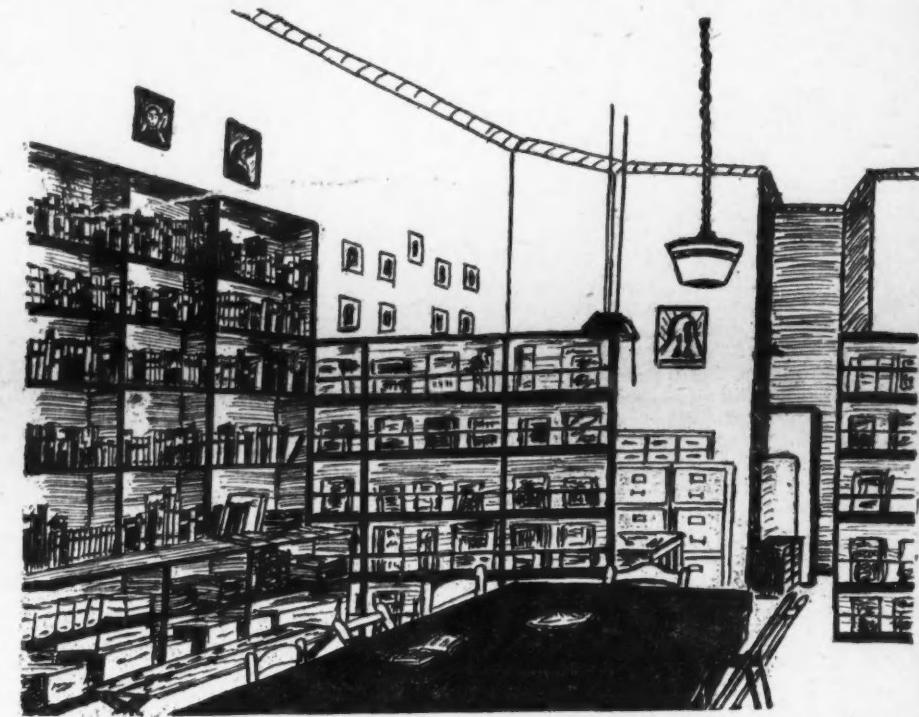
Now the field of social justice is one of the major grounds of their assaults, for

want to be good, true Americans and to see the fruition of democracy here?

Note, now is the time for not mere words but action—on your part. Be you Negro or White, Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, or simply an American, it's up to you to actually, practically, factually live the things you profess as a member of this democracy—the tolerance, the spirit of brotherhood, the cooperativeness in which we all claim so loudly to believe.

We know how other peoples have had to fly from their homes abroad, driven out by the onslaughts of the Communist machine. Many have reached here to bolster us with their help in the fight. They tell of the same democratic freedoms destroyed, their homelands crushed. They come to awaken us, to ally with us in a counter-resurgence of democratic peoples against the common Red foe.

It was here to America the



how urgent the need is for every single human in this land of God-given freedom to acquaint himself with the nature of the menace. You read, you know for yourself that right here in these United States Communists are organized and on the march already. And don't blind yourself to the fact that they are out to split our own ranks. *Divide et impera*, divide and rule: that is their pattern. Ruthlessly and surreptitiously to tear apart the bonds that unite us, systematically to smash Christian democratic society is their goal. And they can succeed here if we don't stop them. now!

there a part of the American body has long been wounded. So is it any wonder that Communists are making such telling advances among the colored people of the United States today, when the things for which many of them, as good Americans, have died, and the rest still hopefully live, are denied them? The Reds see the discrepancy between our principles and practice more readily than many of us do. Their strategy is to capitalize on our lack of coordination. Thus they vaunt freedom and equality for all, the real battle cry, not of Communism but of Democracy. But it is a tempting display they marshal before the eyes of Negro America!

And shall you keep the American Negro citizen for the United States of America or—a Communist Soviet America? Shall you let neglect, apathy, indifference, or malpractice, or rank bigotry, or sheer irrational prejudice help those Russian agents (who call themselves Communists and Americans at the same time!) enlist in their army of potential rebels, fifth columnists, Quislings, and saboteurs, these citizens who

foundress of Friendship House fled from Bolshevik revolutionists. But seeing right here the crying need to save a fertile field from being sown and overrun with poisonous doctrines, she courageously gave battle to the ugly weed that would, could, can, and does rear its flowery disguise among the downtrodden colored folk. In the heart of Harlem the Baroness Catherine de Hueck consecrated her life to living and teaching by deed and word the reality of democracy. Befriending the friendless and even the unfriendly, helping the needy, comforting the afflicted, she formed about her a spirited homogeneous group of lay people, as Catholic as they come, who have since been engaged in cementing the long-uncared-for broken limb of this great Christian American body. In creed and in practice, this Friendship House group is a living proof that the Mystical Body is real, that with sufficient zeal all Americans can be united in a body, as healthy and vigorous as it is vital and vibrant with the life of goodness, truth, and beauty.

Communism fallaciously (Continued on page 7)

## Chicago Volunteers

By John McCarthy

**A**S WE LOOK BACK at the past summer months at FH we have seen many good friends come and go. We recall the Summer School of Catholic Action in August. Friend Denny Holland at the FH Stand was catching questions from all quarters in the Hotel Morrison and answering them with an alacrity and sureness of one who knows that he is in the right. Also we had smiling Bob Hammond who delivered an excellent piece of acting in Father George Dunne's hard hitting play, "Trial by Fire" on Interracial Justice. Bob has left for the seminary since then but he will always be in our minds and hearts. If space provided we could enumerate many others whom we shall never forget and towards whom FH is ever extending a most welcome invitation to return.

Denny and another stalwart FH worker, Bill Reed, have been very active in Omaha according to recent reports. The boys have acquired small quarters there and have started a Martin De Porres Club. We, of FH in Chicago

are pulling for our Brethren in Christ in Omaha.

FH was honored last month by the visit of the distinguished editor of "Work," the Catholic Labor Alliance publication, Mr. Edward Marcinak. Mr. Marcinak is a professor of Labor Economics at Loyola University and a well-known lecturer and author. Before a large and appreciative group of FH'ers and friends, Mr. Marcinak talked and directed a discussion on the Taft-Hartley Act. We of FH hope that Mr. Marcinak will return soon and often.

December 5th marked open-house, commemorating the founding of the Chicago Friendship House. The principal speaker of the day was Monsignor Reynold Hillenbrand of Hubbard Woods, Illinois.

Thanksgiving evening a delegation of the Catholic Interracial Council of Loyola University under the leadership of one fine fellow, Mr. Ken Manly, descended upon FH. We hope that through co-operative enterprises, with splendid organizations such as this CIC, to hasten the spread of Interracial Justice.

## Harlem Volunteers

By Sheila MacGill

**T**HIS HAS BEEN rather quiet month for the volunteers. We had our Communion breakfast the second Sunday of the month, with Father William McMahon of Cardinal Hayes High School as the Speaker. Father spoke to us on "Externalism," telling us that all the outward show of spirituality in the world was no good unless the people who professed it had also an inward conviction of the worth of their actions.

The third Thursday we held our meeting at Nathan Lincoln's new Catholic Action Lending Library in the Bronx, and we had as our speaker Mrs. Margaret Ritchie of the English Catholic Evidence Guild. She spoke on the Old Testament and the necessity for a thorough understanding of it in order to appreciate the New Testament.

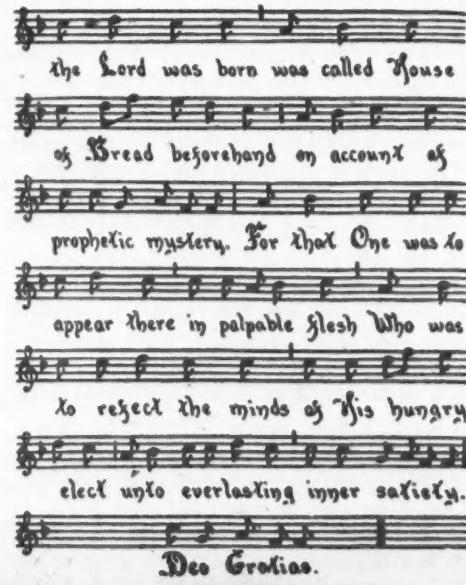
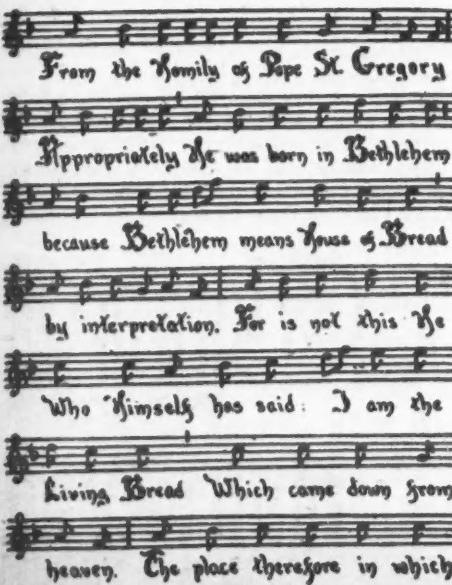
November the 21st, the last Sunday after Pentecost, we celebrated with a picnic at Maryfarm, the Catholic Worker place in Newburgh. About ten of the volunteers and staff went up to have one last pic-

nic together before the weather gets too cold.

Jim Heedles, Jim Lafferty, Bill Salo and Don Herford painted the library and office, so that now we have blossomed forth with beautiful green walls, a white ceiling and brown woodwork. The place looks twice as good as new.

On the third Thursday of the month Stanley Vishnewski, one of our oldest volunteers, gave, by popular request, a second performance of his lecture, "The Soul of Woman." The feminine members of the audience nearly came to blows with him over some sections of his talk, but it bore fruit in that the male volunteers did the dishes after the meeting.

That about winds us up for this month. On the principle of the calm before the storm, the month of December will plunge us into such a whirl of activity, that there will be scarcely room to recount it all. Until then the volunteers wish you all a happy and holy Advent Season.



## Call From Chicago

Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Mother, 1948.

Dear Friends in Christ:

May the peace of Christ's kingdom be close to you!

We cherish His peace here at Friendship House, too. Indeed were it not for Him our hearts would be very heavy. To Him we can always go to talk things over!

God, please keep Olivia Smith's faith and hope alive. Here in the heart of Chicago, she has no heat, little light, no running water, no ice, and she pays \$65 a month for that kind of a place to live. She has to sit up while her sons sleep, and she sleeps while they sit up. She has no place to cook except a kitchen used by seven other families. She must hang her food from a line across the room to protect it from the rats.

This is not an exaggeration, God. There are thousands like her, living like second-class citizens. They can't get jobs equal to the abilities you have given them. Nor can they find places to live. Their skin is colored.

God

Please help us all live as BROTHERS IN CHRIST.

We want to talk things over with you, too. We want, first, to thank you for all you have done for us. With your help, we have given dispossessed children the joy of wholesome recreation; we have brought hope to families by improving the places where they are now living; we have joined in the fight for more decent homes and in the fight to end job discrimination.

Will you continue to help us bring the message of THE UNITY OF ALL MEN IN CHRIST to all men—white and Negro—so that we can act as brothers, end segregation, and live in the love of God?

Our life in Friendship House is dedicated to these efforts. We must depend on you to sustain it. Whatever you can share with us, we humbly and joyfully accept. Our bank balance is hovering at zero. We need money. We need food, light, heat, furniture, clothing, and money for postage and publications and our building which is not paid for. WE NEED YOUR HELP VERY MUCH.

Yours in Christ the King,

The Staff of Chicago Friendship House,  
per Betty Schneider, Director.

Make checks payable to: Friendship House, 4233 S. Indiana Ave., Chicago 15, Illinois.

### KIDS' CORNER

By Mary Eileen Traxler

**L**ITTLE JOHNNIE is wondering about Christmas. He, his mother and brother live in one tiny room. There is no place to play, except under the bed. There is no room for anyone else to come in, much less jolly Santa Claus with his big bag of toys.

Are we going to let Johnnie and his brother down? Are we going to let Johnnie and his brother become disillusioned and believe that Christmas is just for people who have a big home or for white people?

No, Johnnie, Christmas is for all. There was no room for the Christ Child either, but He was born in a stable and born to save all of us, and He wants all of us to celebrate His birthday!

We at F. H., and you readers, with your generous hearts, can help Johnny understand the true and full meaning of Christmas by showing a willingness to share it with him.

Here, at F. H., we are planning Christmas programs and parties for the children. We will need presents of all kinds and want you to help us. For our Brownie and Cub scouts we'll need gifts for boys and girls from 7-10 years of age. For the Girl and Boy scouts

we'll need gifts for boys and girls from 10-18 years of age. We'll need gifts for the Martinettes, boys and girls from 6-14 years of age, and for our Teen-Age club.

Our gym is all ready for use, but bare. Tumbling mats would be a great help. Jean Lang pleads for used tap-dancing shoes for her class, and I ask for anything that is of interest to the children.

The children at F. H. will be listening to the story of the birth of the infant Christ and finding merriment in treats and group dancing during the festivities that foreshadow the arrival of the Saviour. Our Christmas records will help them to learn that the angels in heaven, too, are especially happy because love is going to come into the world.

May your gifts of love too be rewarded with the peace and joy of Christ.

### Requiescant in Pace

**W**E EXTEND our deepest sympathy and prayers to the Baroness on the death of her mother, Mrs. Emma Kolyschkin, who died on October 25th in Belgium. May she rest in peace.

Also, to Mrs. Rose Piper, on the death of her sister, Mrs. Alice Jacques, who died after a long illness on November 5th. May she rest in peace!

### BITS OF COLOR

By Ann Foley

**T**WO SAMPLE POLLS were taken in New York recently with more accuracy perhaps than the recent political ones. The results: 62% of the tenants of Stuyvesant Town, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's giant Jim Crow housing development, said they would welcome Negro tenants into the project; 40% of department store customers are entirely without prejudice toward Negro sales people and there is a strong tendency on the part of all but 19% to favor equality of job opportunity. The voice of the people is still heard in the bargain basement of Macy's and not in the plush-lined offices of Big Business.

**I**T IS the principle of the thing that counts and in Virginia they stick to it. The officials of King George County in that state dropped courses in Chemistry, Physics, Biology and Geometry in the white high schools rather than make these courses available in the colored schools. I wonder how far this equalization of educational facilities will go? Will the white schools move into old buildings, over-  
(Continued on page 4)

### Racial Discrimination In Unemployment

**I**NSTEAD of talking about racial discrimination in employment, it might be a good thing, once in a while, to talk about racial discrimination in unemployment.

During the war there was little or no unemployment for both Negroes and whites. Census figures show that 1.7 per cent of the whites and 2 per cent of the non-whites were listed as unemployed in July 1945.

Since the end of the war the picture has changed. Unemployment has risen slightly, but race discrimination on the job seems to have increased more.

In April 1947, for example, the U.S. Bureau of Census reported that 3.8 per cent of

the whites were unemployed. Among non-whites the percentage of unemployed had risen to 6.7 per cent.

During the war the President issued an executive fair employment order banning race discrimination in all essential industries. When the war ended, Congress failed to pass legislation to make a Fair Employment Practices Committee a permanent part of federal policy in industry.

Some states, notably New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, have passed state bills barring race, religious, or nationality discrimination in hiring, promotions and lay-offs. But most of American industry is still not covered by fair employment legislation.

## Housing Without Legal Racial Restrictive Covenants

By Reginald A. Johnson

*Director of Field Services and Housing Co-ordinator  
National Urban League, New York City*

HERE has been far too much irresponsible talk about what will happen with the end of legally enforced racial restrictive covenants. Let's not fool ourselves, nor be fooled by what has happened. Covenants are still legal; housing will continue to be hard to get, and neighborhoods do not improve, deteriorate, nor change racially overnight.

The long-range effect of the recent restrictive covenant ban will be the eventual elimination of what was the legally enforced ghetto and the institution of intelligent community planning based on occupancy standards. The short-range effect will permit hundreds of minority families to occupy property they have owned but could not live in because of the covenant prohibition.

There will be little or no noticeable change in the present housing minority groups as a result of this decision, but now that racial restrictions cannot be legally enforced as the means of protecting property values, there is now the possibility of really preserving property values, if the intent is honest, by instituting community conservation agreements that require a minimum amount of space for each family, restrict roomers, prohibit deteriorating conversions and regulate unsanitary practices.

PROPERTY protecting covenants are legal provided they do not infringe on the rights of individuals because of race. We can expect the racial covenant to continue as a private, non-enforceable understanding among owners. But, actually they will hardly be worth the paper on which they are written, except when motivated by alarmist die-hards who always use pressure of race fear to satisfy their selfish interests and exploit persons who sometimes permit their emotions to substitute for sound reasoning.

Through long-range community planning, minority groups can now seek new space for expansion and escape the slums to which they were confined. There is no reason to believe the transition can't be a gradual, harmonious, population movement that will breed good community relations through intelligent understanding, based on individual family standards, rather than on race.

The National Urban League



## BITS OF COLOR

(Continued from page 3)

crowd the rooms and hire fewer teachers?

IN JAPAN, America's racial theories are still a billion dollar advertisement for Communism. The Japanese are being indoctrinated and their contempt shows in their faces. They are not allowed in the same buildings, elevators, lavatories or trains, as Americans.

GERMANY is taking an ironic comfort in the signs, "For Americans Only," and "No Germans." Although they were more rigorous in their racial exclusiveness they probably recognize the symptoms. The "triumph of Democracy" must be a bitter disappointment for them.

**PHRASE OF THE MONTH:**  
"We have applied the vaseline of gradualism to the cancer of segregation too long!"—Walter C. White.

**THE VICTORY** of Mr. Truman has all the earmarks of a momentous step forward in America's fight for civil liberties. It indicates a turning away from the Dixiecrat southerner and portends a slow but sure death of their power. Mrs. Roosevelt has stated: "I think the people who voted for President Truman did so out of approval for a civil rights bill and other progressive measures and would not want to see him hampered by having important committee chairmanships in the hands of fellows who most bitterly opposed the President."

### Christ on Earth

*I T has often been told  
In legends of old,  
How our Lord appears upon earth.*

*He comes not in gold,  
Or in armor bold,  
But in poverty, walking the earth.*

*Sometimes as a child,  
Or as mendicant mild,  
Our Lord appears upon earth.*

*How do we then dare  
To turn away care  
For the poor who wander the earth?*

*How shall we know  
When our Lord may go  
To seek our work upon earth?*

*And what will He say  
When we meet the day  
When we'll live no more upon earth?*

*Oh, will He be glad,  
Or will we be sad,  
To tell of our time here on earth?*

*Will there be any—  
(There should be many)—  
To greet us beyond this dark earth.*

*To tell of the days  
And the neighborly ways  
We helped out our brothers on earth?*

*Let us love one another  
As sister and brother  
As Our Redeemer once taught us on earth.*

*Then He will say,  
"The treasure we'll pay  
In Heaven, that you earned on earth."*

—By Lillian Evans.

## JOAN

By Stan Vish

have all passed into oblivion. I just can't remember them can you? But Hollywood finally produced in *Joan of Arc* a motion picture that merits all the superlatives and adjectives that ad writers dream up.

It is not as a professional movie critic that I write this review of *Joan of Arc*, perhaps for that reason my opinions will be discounted. But if I were a movie critic I would be forced to look past minor flaws and imperfections.



BECAUSE THERE WAS NO

## We Live in a Neighborhood

(Continued from page 1)

my wife has accepted on number of occasions. Such community property as a lawnmower, a 40-foot extension ladder and various gardening tools have been bought by the unit and it is currently engaged in an attempt to oust a beauty shop that opened in one of the homes on the street. The annual street dance was held few days ago and resulted in a \$40 gain for the treasury. Food and soft drinks are sold at these affairs while the younger generation dances to the latest hot recordings. The occasion is always gay and festive but no rowdyism has ever occurred and the street restored to its usual quiet by midnight.

As the unit chairman explained, "our organization is committed to any program that will make our neighborhood a better place in which to live and bring up our children." That there are no narrowly racial aims is proved by the repeated invitations that

WE MAINTAIN friendly relations with our neighbors and treat them as would members of our own race. While we do not visit extensively in each other's

Glory to God in the earth peace to men on

## OF ARC

Vishnewski

in the acting and technical presentation in order to justify my standing as a critic. But as an ordinary movie goer I can honestly say that for beauty, drama and breath-taking scenes, *Joan of Arc* is tops. In fact, I can say without reservations that *Joan of Arc* is the greatest motion picture I have ever seen.

The picture is prayerfully done—it has the impact and emotional force of a religious service. It seems almost unbelievable that Hollywood,

which is fast becoming to stand as a symbol of corruption and immorality, could produce a picture that does full justice to the life of Joan.

**I**NGRID BERGMAN and the cast deserve the thanks of all Catholics for bringing to life in a most reverent manner the dramatic story of the Maid from Lorraine. And now that Hollywood has discovered the Saints, I do wish that Ingrid Bergman will be selected to

(Continued on page 8)



WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM

## Negro Neighborhood

homes, this absence of formal association is due more to lack of common interests than to any feeling of social distinction on the part of either of us. It is certainly true that none of our neighbors has shown the slightest evidence of a desire to force his way into our home or our social consciousness.

My wife attends block unit meetings occasionally and for a period of about a year gave piano lessons to several orphan children whose foster mother was unable to afford formal instruction on the rather slender aid to dependent children allowed her by the state. Our son knows no playmates other than colored children and we hope the impressions of these formative years will help him to resist the virus of prejudice that he will be exposed to after he reaches school age.

It is not the purpose of this

article to idealize the Negro. The simple truth is that we have found our neighbors to be individuals who conform to the same behavior patterns followed by white persons of comparable education and income level. As a group they seem to have about the same admixture of faults and virtues commonly found in a similar group of whites. As far as cultural standards go, the skin color is entirely irrelevant.

**W**E ARE SOMETIMES dismayed to have well-meaning white friends comment on the "Tolerance" we display in living among these people. We are dismayed because tolerance implies an acceptance of something inferior or undesirable. Such is most emphatically not our attitude toward them. In fact we sometimes wonder, after our three-year-old has scat-

**H**OUSING in the United States, unsullied by bomb and cannonfire, has failed to supply the conditions necessary for decent home and community life.

There is perhaps no aspect of housing which contains more important implications for community welfare than the problem of Negro housing, and there are certain characteristics almost invariably associated with these Negro residence areas.

They tend to be located in the oldest part of the city, where the first housing was erected, and thus they contain the oldest and most obsolete dwellings.

The Negro areas tend to exhibit the greatest municipal neglect, not only because the dwellings and surrounding facilities are hardest to keep in repair but because the residents themselves have the least to say about the services provided by the city. The result is that these areas afford least protection from fire hazards, least enforcement of health and sanitary codes.

Most of the unsightly and uncomfortable structures in these areas are owned by persons other than the occupants and are kept for rental purposes. Because the properties lack modern conveniences and have been rejected by successive levels of white residents with freedom to move to more desirable areas, the over-all rent levels tend to be low. But compared with similar accommodations available to white tenants the rents are generally high.

Investigation following a recent fire in a Chicago tenement occupied by Negroes disclosed that the tenants were paying more rent for a two-

terered his toys over half the neighborhood, if our neighbors aren't displaying considerable forbearance toward us.

This account would not be completely honest without the admission that when out-of-town friends come to see us for the first time we feel a certain compulsion to explain our residence here. Momentarily, at least, we are on the defensive. The matter would hardly be worth noting except that in my opinion it points to an important aspect of the problem of prejudice.

That aspect is the average white man's urge to conform to the patterns set by his society. Many, if not most, people know individual Negroes whom they like and respect but they are inhibited from any public association with them by fear of what their fellow white men will think. It seems to be an anticipated loss of status rather than any inherent dislike of the Negro that raises barriers to their free association.

**I**SUPPOSE we have lost "face" in certain quarters as a result of living among colored. The possibility leaves us singularly undisturbed. We have the feeling that in a pinch our neighbors might prove to be better friends than any we may have lost by virtue of our present address.

Reprinted from the "Interracial Review, August, 1946."

## Social Costs of Segregation

By Herman H. Long and Charles S. Johnson  
Fisk University

room flat in this run-down and rat infested building, sharing a toilet with several other families, than was being charged for an up-to-date two-room apartment with every modern convenience in one of the finest lake-front apartment buildings in the city.

**R**ESIDENCES designed for a single family have been cut up into apartments or are used as rooming houses; three family apartment houses have been made over into kitchenettes. To the tenants, these "improvements" mean lack of facilities, small airless rooms, and awkward sleeping, living, cooking and washing arrangements. To the landlords they often bring a disproportionately high return on a relatively small investment.

The high rents, the pressure of population, and the low income of most of the families in the areas are all factors in the large number of lodgers and boarders. These supplement income but have a disorganizing effect upon family life.

The intense congestion has its effects not only upon family privacy and family organization, but also upon the schools and other public institutions. The evil of overcrowding produces the further evil of a fatalistic attitude toward the possibility of maintaining high standards of upkeep and service.

In these areas are to be found the highest mortality, disease and crime rates because of the unregulated and frequently unsupervised group living on a low and depressing economic level.

The Negroes themselves, rather than the unplanned, exploitative and conflict-ridden conditions under which expansion takes place, are blamed for subsequent deterioration of the area. For the mass of white citizens, if they give the matter any thought at all, the unsightly appearance of the overcrowded Negro areas is sufficient evidence of carelessness, neglect and a disregard for the upkeep of property, and these are cited as racial traits.

**O**VER AND AGAIN, urban neighborhoods become blighted and the property values depreciate in response to conditions which have nothing to do with the racial character of the occupants. Instead of being responsible for the lower property values, the Negroes are brought into the area as a means of rescuing the property owner from the economic consequences of deterioration.

There is an increasing recognition in present day thought of the dangerous consequences of isolation, both in national and international living. We are spending millions of dollars to effect the exchange of students between countries, so that understanding may develop from the process of living together. But we are continuing to maintain in our local communities, practices which determine that one racial group shall be separated from another not only in living but in going to school, to church, and in the give and take of daily living

which promotes understanding. Here and there are exceptions which prove the rule—public housing projects in which Negroes and whites are living side by side in harmony, neighborhoods in which workers of both races live without friction. It has been shown that isolation breeds misunderstanding and antagonism which at times has flared into destructive violence.

**I**N THE FACE of all this, there have as yet been only sporadic and ineffective evidences of community concern to change a pattern so expensive and destructive. Here and there a few courageous organizations and civic leaders have spoken out against racial restrictive covenants and the conditions which they help to produce. But the most vocal and most effective expressions of concern and programs of action have come from those who would maintain these restrictions. Real estate agents, merchants, bankers, workers, housewives and church congregations have drawn around the thick and squirming Negro ghettos, a cordon of formal and informal restrictions designed to make it forever impossible for any Negro family to escape this blind and depression.

Obeisance to the principle of segregation, in the face of the necessity for common sharing in ideas, values and information and freedom of movement, serves to heighten social conflict. Both those who are segregated and those who do the segregating are aware of the inconsistencies and incompletions. In a country dedicated to the Christian and democratic ideals, at least, this would be so. If the order of life were totalitarian, maintained by fiat and force, in a complete system of racial superordination and subordination, perhaps the simple operation of a racial separation principle would be both possible and practicable. As long as we remain democratic, urban and industrial, the assumption of the validity of such a principle for achieving inter-group adjustment represents escapism of a typically effete variety.

Excerpts from "People vs. Property," Fisk University.



I WILL ESTABLISH PEACE IN THEIR HOUSES (PROMISE OF OUR LORD TO ST. MARGARET MARY)

IN THE HIGHEST AND ON  
A DIALECT OF GOOD WILL. LAKE

# Readers Write

## HOSPITAL ALWAYS TOOK NEGROES

Catholic Interracialist,  
34 West 135th St.,  
New York 30, N.Y.

My dear Friends:

As usual, I have read your November issue thoroughly and I regret to have to call your attention to an error of fact. Under your column headed "Plus and Minus" (page 7), you report the admission for the first time of Negro patients to St. Joseph's Infirmary in Louisville, and add that "the same is true of St. Joseph Infirmary in Lexington, Kentucky, conducted by the same order." (Sisters of Charity of Nazareth.)

While it is true that Negroes are being admitted for the first time to St. Joseph's in Louisville, (why so late, I know not), I do know for a fact that St. Joseph's Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, my home town, has admitted Negro patients from the earliest days of its foundation, which was over seventy-five years ago. True and unfortunately, such patients are segregated in a separate building, but the facilities, equipment and service are of the best, and St. Joseph's of Lexington is rated among the ten best hospitals in the whole United States.

Within the past year, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis chose St. Joseph's in Lexington as a center for the treatment of polio, and made a substantial contribution for the establishment of a new "contagious diseases" ward. This contribution was contingent on the elimination of segregation in the new ward and the further contribution of \$100,000 by the people of Lexington and vicinity. To the credit of the Lexingtonians, this sum was raised in less than a week, and NO question at all was raised about the provision against segregation.

From the earliest days Negro physicians have practiced at St. Joseph's in Lexington, but not until two years ago were two able Negro doctors accorded full status as staff members. Better late than never.

I read the account of the admission of Negroes to St. Joseph's in Louisville in the Kentucky press, which stated that for the time being there would be no segregation, but this would be arranged later. I sincerely hope the press is in error. Louisville has a dynamic Catholic diocesan paper, "The Record," edited by Benedict Elder, the Dean of the Catholic press. His editorials on interracial justice and the folly and sin of segregation have been outstanding and widely quoted.

Lexington is in the Diocese of Covington, whose able Bishop, William T. Mulloy, is a fearless champion of interracial justice and whose diocesan paper, "The Messenger," carries at least one editorial and article each week on the subject. Under Bishop Mulloy's leadership, the diocesan camp for children has been conducted on an interracial basis for the past three years.

The results of the recent election prove quite conclu-

sively that the Bilbos and the Rankins do not speak for the South, and if the Religious themselves took their Catholicity and the Doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ a bit more literally, they would find the laity quite willing to follow suit.

I enclose herewith a contribution for your good work. Keep it up!

Sincerely yours,  
A. C. O'B.

### Encouraging Dollar

Dear Miss Knight:

I am enclosing \$1.00 to aid in some small way in your wonderful program.

I am so sorry that this contribution is so meager, but at present it is all that I can afford.

May you continue to do this wonderful undertaking that you have begun which will make the world a better place in which to live.

Sincerely yours,  
F. E. M.

### Brother for Lay Apostles

Dear Friends:

Your card of reminder was greatly appreciated for I do wish to continue my subscription to the Friendship House News. Each month I look forward for the time when I can read with delight what good work is being accomplished for Christ by His Lay Apostles. Continue your good work and may Christ Bless each one of you.

With prayerful remembrance,  
Bro. V.G.

### Catholic Scene in South

Dear Miss Knight:

This contribution is small. There are so many worthy charities to which to contribute. This money was do-

### CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 1)

the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel and for a sign which shall be contradicted." And what a contradiction! For centuries mankind had created gods in their own image, with all the joys, passions and sorrows of mankind. Rulers were believed to be descended from gods. Great sacrifices were made to appease their wrath or implore their favour. Now God, in order to redeem humanity, sends his son Who is at the same time man and God, down to earth to show mankind the way to salvation.

**W**HEN JESUS therefore was born in Bethlehem of Juda, in the days of King Herod, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem.

According to legend these wise men were three kings representing the three races of mankind. Melchior of the white race, Balthazar of the yellow race and Gaspar of the black race. The Bible makes no mention of the number nor the color of the wise men who came to adore the Infant, but there seems to be here an indication of the universality of redemption which Christ brought to the world.



nated by persons of three races. Perhaps it would surprise you to know that on the Feast of The Sacred Heart a colored girl, an Indian and a white girl knelt side by side at the Communion Rail in a Southern church.

Pray for us and our numerous problems. Southern Negro Catholics have double prejudices to surmount.

May God bless your noble work.

Sr. M. A.

### DOWN ON THE FARM

By L. Lissy

**T**HE FIRST SNOW of the season was a wet snow. It clung to the line fences and the little octagons of poultry fencing until the wires took on a deceptive gossamer softness. Early the morning that it fell the few cocquerels we had left were huddled, dark, sodden clumps of feathers, on top of the shelter in their fenced-in run. Foolish birds, spurning even the inadequate protection of the tiny shed built for their comfort! Such hopeless prisoners of habit are they, that a howling blizzard probably wouldn't keep them from their "crowing posts". Three of us went out through the shallow drifts, caught the creatures and carried them to the empty half of the garage. Sharing the cold but dry quarters of Christopher, they quickly resumed their clucking, crowing and growing to roasting size. Next year, God willing, we will build a real, according-to-regulations poultry house!

Now that the snow makes the trip from town heavy going, we have frequent afternoon visitors. The children of two families that live a little over a mile west of us usually stop in on their way home from school to rest and warm up a bit. A small troupe of youngsters of assorted sizes but all smelling equally of wet wool and fresh cold air, comes stamping into the kitchen around four o'clock, almost daily. They stand around the table watching us work in solemn and almost completely silent curiosity. Typewriters seem to hold a special fascination for them.

We're hoping the kids will be in a particularly inquisitive mood when we bring in branches of balsam and pine to start making an Advent wreath. That will provide an excellent opportunity to explain the meaning of the four candles, the four weeks of joyous anticipation and preparation for the birthday, according to the flesh, of Our Lord, Jesus Christ. Looking back over childhood memor-

### NCCW Could Avoid Jim Crow

(Letter written at the request of the Chicago volunteer corps to Miss Ruth Craven, the Executive Secretary of the National Council of Catholic Women, Washington, D. C. The letter suggests a way in which all official delegates would be accommodated, regardless of legal color restrictions. The convention was held in New Orleans. In accordance with the Jim Crow pattern prevailing there, those official delegates to the convention who were colored were barred from the official convention banquet. Miss Alice Hamilton, a member of the Chicago Friendship House volunteer corps, was one of the delegates barred because of color.)

November 2, 1948

Miss Ruth Craven,  
Exec. Secretary  
National Council of Catholic  
Women  
1312 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.  
Washington 5, D. C.

Dear Miss Craven:

You are probably aware of the broad interest which your recent national convention in New Orleans occasioned throughout our entire country and within many varied walks of life. Of particular interest to many Catholics and non-Catholics as well, was the unfortunate circumstances in which some of the delegates to this National Council of Catholic Women's Convention found themselves placed.

It was quite disappointing to learn from one of the delegates, Miss Alice Hamilton, who is a volunteer here at Friendship House, of the personal humiliation that she encountered. Though a Catholic and an official delegate to a Catholic women's convention, she found herself denied the

ordinary courtesy of participating in the festivities of the banquet because of the color of her skin.

Unless one has personally endured the insult of such treatment, it is difficult to realize the intensity of the cruelty! We are aware that such inhumanity was not intended by the National Council of Catholic Women. Your protests to the hotel management and those of His Excellency, Archbishop Rummel, amply proved this.

But there is a more practical side to the matter, namely, the taking of steps necessary to insure that such an incident does not reoccur. We might cite the example of the American Catholic Sociological Society and other Catholic organizations which have refused to hold their annual conventions in hotels which barred Negroes as guests or which placed any kind of racial barrier to their full participation in the convention activities.

We might suggest the possibility of making suitable and unrestricted arrangements for the use of private facilities, for example, the facilities of a large Catholic educational institution. Such arrangements should place all functions beyond the pale of Jim Crow law.

We sincerely hope that we can count on the National Council of Catholic Women in their future conventions and activities to give convincing proof of the Church's teaching: that all Catholics are united in Christ's Mystical Body and, as such, all are worthy of respect and love.

Sincerely yours in Christ,  
Mary Galloway,  
Acting Director of Chicago  
Friendship House.

ies, I find them characterized by a vivid clarity. How very wonderful it would be if the symbolism and spirit of our magnificent liturgy would color and transform those storehouses of childhood images!

**A**LOOK through the Wausau papers of the past few weeks shows that a good portion of the town's entertainment has been provided by Negro artists. After the Silvertones sang here in October, one of the large theaters featured an all-Negro revue, the Dark-Town Scandals. An all-Negro high school foot-ball team played the powerful Wausau team, the team members being quartered in the lodge owned by the local YWCA during their brief stay in town. The noted soprano, Ellabelle Davis gave a concert under the sponsorship of the Wausau Civic Music Association. The choir from Boys Town in which there are both colored and white kids, sang in Wausau too.

Some of us speculated rather idly as to why there was a heavy concentration of Negro talent in the town within a very short space of time. The only conclusion we reached which seemed reasonable was that color was purely coincidental in the case, that the choice of the people was determined by the fact that they were good performers in their respective fields.

In keeping with this line of

thought, John, a visiting volunteer, overheard some remarks from the row behind him, when he was listening to the singing of the Boys Town choir. One matron turned to her husband and in an excited whisper announced, "Look, dear, some of those boys are Negroes!" "So what?" replied her spouse laconically "they can sing, can't they?"

The path between the Canadian border and the Friendship Houses in United States is taking on a well-worn look. It will not be too long before still another of our workers leaves for the Canadian hills. Lorraine Schneider, our acting director, and Paddy Lennon a young Canadian farmer will be married this Spring. It will be a very hard blow, losing Lorraine... but following the rules of sportsmanship, we'll grin in a weak sort of way and murmur... "Well, the best man has won!" May God grant the two of them a long and happy life together. The hills of Combermere must need a powerful lot of "leaving" from the rate at which God has been sending FH'ers there...

During this blessed Christmas season may the merciful kindness of our God, which has bidden him come to us, like a dawning from on high... give light to those who live in darkness, in the shadow of death, and guide our feet into the way of peace. (Luke 1:78.)

## JOAN OF ARC

(Continued from page 8)  
play in any other lives to be produced. I sure would love to see her play the part of St. Elizabeth or that of the great St. Teresa.

No expense was spared in making the picture historically correct. The actual dialog of the trial was written into the script. Father Paul Doncoeur, S.J., who is reputed to be the greatest living authority on Joan of Arc, and who was called upon to act as historical adviser to the director, writing in *The Sign*, assures us that: "This Joan of Arc will present to the world a page of history properly documented, and audiences of America and Europe can have confidence in the authenticity of the story presented to them."

To fully appreciate Joan and the magnitude of her mission, let us imagine that in the last war the United States was defeated and that enemy troops had invaded the United States and that only one small sector of the country was free. In the midst of all this despair and confusion a simple farm girl of seventeen appears on the scene and offers her services to the General Staff. Can you just imagine the howl of derision that would arise. Let us imagine that the girl finally persuades the Generals and they permit her to lead the armies. In the space of a year she wins victories after victories and drives the invaders from the shores. And yet that is exactly what Joan did.

The first half of the picture deals with Joan as the Soldier Maid who has been commissioned by her Voices to lift the siege of Orleans.

"**N**EVERTHELESS," Joan says, "I would rather spin with my poor mother, for this is not my proper estate; it is, however, necessary that I should go and do this, because my Lord wills that I should do it."

Joan was made to cool her heels for two days before the Dauphin would consent to see her. An attempt to deceive Joan by placing an impostor on the throne is foiled when she recognizes the Dauphin hiding in plain clothes. However, no credence is lent to her claim until she tells him a secret which makes his face beam with joy.

When the Commission, appointed to investigate her claims, objected that if it were God's will that the English

should quit France, they would go away without being driven by an army, Joan replied: "The men-at-arms I ask for shall fight and God shall give the victory."

The assault on the English fort of Tourelles makes an exciting spectacle. Joan weeps at the sight of the carnage and the knowledge that so many good people were killed.

It is impossible in the short space of this review to give full credit to the rich pageantry rendered in artistic technicolor of the first half of the picture which leads up to the Coronation of the Dauphin.

It is the second half of the picture dealing with the trial and punishment of Joan that will be of most interest to Catholics. Had Joan been tried by an ecclesiastical court she would have gone free, but her doom had already been sealed by the prejudiced court that was set to try her. Joan challenged the English Court that was trying her and appealed to the Pope, but her appeal was denied.

It was Joan, alone and unaided, against a court of keen lawyers whose business it was to trip her up and convict her of heresy. The trial of Joan, based on the actual minutes of the trial, is one of the dramatic highlights of the picture.

"**Y**OU SAY that you are my judge," she told Cauchon; "take heed what you do, for indeed I am sent by God, and you are putting yourself in great peril."

Asked by a theologian if she were in the state of grace, she replied: "If I am not, may God place me there; if I am, may God so keep me. I should be the saddest in all the world if I knew I were not in the grace of God. But if I were in a state of sin do you think the Voices would come to me?"

But despite her innocence and the brilliance of her defense Joan was condemned to be burned as a heretic. In answer to her prayer for a cross, someone broke a stick in half and gave it to her. She kissed it and placed it in her bosom. And as the flames mounted around her, she continued to pray and affirm the truth of her Voices. The priest, who braved the heat of the fire, to hold in front of her eyes the cross, heard her last words: "Jesus! Jesus! Mary! My Voices! My Voices! My Voices have not deceived me. Jesus!" she cried with a loud voice and died. *Stanley Vishnefski.*

## Wealth

By Langston Hughes

*From Christ to Gandhi  
Appears this truth—  
St. Francis of Assisi  
Proves it, too:  
Goodness becomes grandeur  
Surpassing might of kings,  
Haloes of kindness shine  
Brighter  
Than crowns of gold,  
And brighter  
Than rich diamonds  
Sparkles  
The simple  
Simple dew  
Of love.*



MARGARET OF CORTONA  
By Carl Merschel

## St. Margaret Of Cortona

Saint Margaret of Cortona—  
Francois Mauriac—Philosophical Library.

This biography bares a soul, the soul of a sinner purified and sanctified by penance. Margaret of Cortona was a saint who could only have been a product of medieval Italy. Her early life was as wholeheartedly sinful as her later life was saintly. She might almost be called the feminine prototype of St. Francis, except that her sense of guilt seemed to swallow up her natural gaiety. Like him, however, she spent a sinful youth, and spent the remainder of her life in penance and absolute poverty.

Mauriac tells us, in the foreword, that he wrote the book practically without any reference material, so we do not find an accurate and minute portrayal of the Saint's earthly life, but rather an inquiry into the state of her soul. The first part of the book is occupied with her life prior to her conversion, and the effect that this life has on her immediately after she has set her feet on the road to sanctity. Materially speaking, she lived an idyllic life. Her lover was a wealthy man who lavished all that he had upon her, she bore him a son and for ten years they were as happy as it is possible to be on a purely natural plane. Even, however, while she was living in sin, she had a foreboding of the fate to which God would call her, for there is one incident recalled in which she told a group of women who jeered at her for her sinful life, that they would some day revere her as a saint. After ten years of happy life together, Margaret's lover was murdered and Margaret was brought face to face with the plan that God had for her salvation.

Once she realizes that the will of God for her has been set in operation, Margaret under-

## BOSTON STREET-SELLING

By Ignatius O'Connor

"**Y**OU SHALL KNOW the truth and the truth shall make you free..." Reading these words in a recent issue of "The Catholic Interracialist," I became anxious to seek ways and means of giving to souls the freedom of the children of God.

That same issue contained an article by Stanley Vishnefski asking for street sellers to put God's Word in circulation. Trusting in God's help, I lost no time in sending for 100 copies of "The Catholic Interracialist" and I selected for my mission grounds St. Anthony's Shrine on Arch Street in the center of the Boston shopping district.

It took no little courage to begin this undertaking. The first woman I encountered gave me to understand that it would take an immense amount of will power to persevere. She stood right in front of me and said, "Are you a Red?" She did not wait for an answer. I continued to call out "The Catholic Interracialist, 10c a copy," but was interrupted by many insults. After seeing me keep on the job, many of these people told me weeks later that they took me for a Jehovah's Witness.

**H**OWEVER, a great many friendly and encouraging remarks came my way and, as time went on, I found myself and "The Catholic Interracialist" growing more and more popular, until today I can boast of putting 600 copies a month in circulation at this small stand. I receive anywhere from five cents to five dollars for a copy; many give an extra amount knowing the importance of the Friendship House Movement. I have an excellent chance to induce people who stand and talk a bit to join the Outer Circle.

takes to live from henceforth a life of utter poverty and penance, serving the poor as an expiation for her sins.

Soon after her conversion Margaret, dragging her child with her, appears dusty, in rags, tired and with a shaven head, at the door of a convent begging for admission. The superior turns her away, telling her that she is too beautiful for the convent life. Then Margaret realizes that her beauty is the greatest enemy that she must face in her fight for perfection. She goes to memorable lengths, and even tries to obtain the permission of her confessor to let her slash her face with a razor. The permission, fortunately, is not forthcoming.

Margaret rises to the heights of contemplation before her death, and in the closeness of her mystic union, receives revelations, not only about herself but about her fellow



St JOHN of GOD

Last week I succeeded in recruiting another apostle to take charge of the other exit of the church, which means twice as many papers can be sold.

There are many persons who ask for prayers and look for spiritual advice. Like the man in the Gospel, they ask what they must do to be saved. What better incentives are needed to take up this work?

There are generous souls who share their good thoughts and graces with me and thus help me to grow in the knowledge and the love of God.

The eighth month of this form of Catholic Action has just passed by. Many new and valuable contacts are being made each day. So much so, that I can see prospects of an ever increasing circulation of the paper and the gaining of a large number of friends for the cause of Interracial Justice.

townsmen. Some of these revelations, however, seem to bear more of the earmarks of wishful thinking than of actual fact.

Eventually Margaret receives a command from God to live a solitary life, and she retires to a little hut away from the town to await her death.

The most interesting thing about the book is Mauriac's reaction to the spiritual acts and physical penances of the saint. His reaction seems to be one almost of shocked horror that she would find it necessary to do such things for the love of God. To a point he will agree with her on the acts that she is performing and then his mind will recoil from the logical conclusion of the penance. Perhaps, though, this is not too puzzling a reaction, it is hard for a man to fully understand the life of a saint, he can only revere it.

## CATHOLIC INTERRACIALIST

Formerly Harlem Friendship House News  
34 West 135th Street  
New York 30, N. Y.

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